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# REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

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Tuesday, February 11. 1706.

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I Have twice began on these Subjects with a little Poetical Essay, on and it has not been ungrateful; I always love to begin my Work chearfully ————— I hope, the Point, I am now upon, shall end chearfully to both Nations.

Nor let any Man charge the Dulness of my Verse upon the Coldness of the Climate, and say, they cannot be good, because they are made in *Scotland*; that a barren Soil makes a barren Fancy, and the like: I take it upon my self to acknowledge, that however dull the Genius of the Author may be, the Inspirations of the *North* are every Way equal to those of the *South*, and the Muses are as apt to Harmony there, as in any other Part of *Britain*.

The Following is but a Fragment, and Time perhaps may produce the Remainder.

On

# On the approaching UNION of the two Kingdoms.

**P**EACE from the *North dawns* like the rising Day,  
 And *jarring Nations* calmer Laws obey;  
*Uniting Britain* from Contention free,  
 Shall change her Feuds and Chains for Peace and Liberty.  
 The envying Nations for Defence prepare,  
 The vast Conjunction learns the World to fear.

The Tendency of things foretells the Hour,  
*Hell, France and Rome* in vain oppose their Power.  
 A thousand Years of Blood may well suffice,  
*Too dear the Purchase, and too cheap the Prize.*  
 While two brave Nations circumscrib'd in Place,  
 The same in Merit, and the same in Race;  
 In constant Feud and War, in Wast and Spoil,  
 With Blood and Rapine have possess'd the Isle.  
*Fatal the Strife*, when Brethren draw the Sword,  
 The double Rage by Sence of Crime procur'd;  
*Fatal the Strife*, when Men of Fire contend,  
 And equal Nations equal Rights defend;  
*Fatal the Strife*, when Britain's Sons make War,  
 Equal in Gallantry and Fame th' appear,  
 And Courage only made afraid to fear.

Bless'd be the Day, and wing'd with Joy it flies,  
 Foretelling Augurs, whisper it from above the Skies;  
 When *Hand in Hand* they shall consent to fight,  
*Abroad to conquer, and at Home Unite!*

*England* no more shall to her Loss subdue,  
 And Victim Scots the Conquerors pursue;  
*England* no more shall meanly learn to fly,  
 And *Bannockbourn* shall sink in History;  
*Scotland* no more shall Banks of Trent invade,  
 And *Flodden Plains* be in Oblivion laid.

*Unnatural War!* When we retreat to view  
 Our ancient Feuds, and match them with the new.  
 For what strange Trifles have these Nations fought,  
 What Seas of noble Blood, *how cheap* let out,  
 What Monuments of Slaughter still remain,  
 On every Mountain and in every Plain!

When

When *mortal Animosities* excite,  
And big with Rage, the Sister Nations fight.

Never was War with *so much Heat* pursu'd,  
Never two Nations bury'd so in Blood;  
Never two Nations fought so much in vain,  
To *so much Loss*, and to *so little Gain*.

The blushing Hist'rys as ashamed to name,  
The small Minute Beginnings of the Flame;  
*Meer Gallamry*, the ancient Vice of War,  
When *Pride and Folly*, *Folly and Pride* prepare;

Wisely in Silence bury the Record,  
And turn to Song the Trophies of the Sword;  
By Sports and jests describe the Fields of Blood,  
And *Chivy Chase* the Shams of War conclude.

'Tis time to think, Fate summons to obey  
The black Accounts of every bloody Day;  
How all that Gallant Blood has been mispent,  
The Nation's old; 'tis high time to repent.  
*Britannia* mourns for Peace, in Peace delights,  
And thrives but just as fast, as she unites;  
Hark, how of ancient Breaches she complains,  
And view her Care to cherish the Remains.

How, had she sat as *Europe's* Empress now,  
And long since made the *Austrian* Eagles bow;  
Eclips'd the Emblematick *Gallick Sun*,  
And darkn'd *Mahomet's* insulting Moon.

*Britain* how fitted to command the Globe,  
Her QUEEN, how bright, how suited to the Robe  
Of General Government, for Truth alone  
Gives Merit for an *Universal Throne*!

*Britain*, how blest'd with Heroes for Command,  
That Government and Conquest understand;  
That first brought up in *Virtue's Martial School*,  
Know how to conquer, and know how to rule.  
Pity such Blood should to her Fame be lost,  
The Mischief's all her own, *her own the Cost*.

With what Regret do Neighbour Nations see,  
The Prospect of this new Felicity!  
*Hell* strives, their Party struggles to excite,  
And *Europe* trembles, lest they should Unite.